

Tystofte in which this strain decidedly surpassed all others. (Adapted from Beretning fra Statens Forsögs-virksomhed I Plantekulture, No. 95, p. 401.)

Triticum aestivum (Poaceae), 54909. **Common wheat.** From Nanking, China. Seeds presented by Mr. J. Lossing Buck, acting dean, College of Agriculture and Forestry, University of Nanking. "One of our students from Shantung told us that because of floods in the autumn a large amount of wheat was planted in the spring. This is the first time I have heard of spring wheat in China. These seeds are from Tung Tsao, Koo-yung District, Shantung." (Buck.)

Notes from Agricultural Explorers in the Field.

Mr. J. F. Rock writes from Keng Hung (Chieng Rung), Yunnan, February 18, 1922:

"After one month and seventeen days' travel by caravan, I arrived at Keng Hung. The region I traversed took me over high mountain ranges and for days I traveled through chestnut and oak forests. I am unable to tell if they are real *Castanea* or *Castanopsis*; some of them I am sure are *Castanopsis*; others have the real chestnut fruit, not flat at the ventral side but like those of *Castanea henryi*. The trail to Kengtung, the capital of the same state, led through wonderful forests, - pine-covered hills, with oaks and tall bamboo. The Meh Len River gorge was certainly magnificent. We slept under the trees, irrespective of wild animals in this wild country, with rapids roaring at our very beds. Kengtung itself proved of great interest, especially the market, which is held every five days. The trail from Kengtung led over high hills to small alluvial plains which may have been lakes once upon a time, and which are now under rice cultivation. We usually stopped over night in the plains, sleeping in Buddhist temples, which is much safer than sleeping in the open. The whole village crowded into the temple to watch us eat, and some said they wanted us to go to bed to see how we did it. My gas lamp (pressure lamp) was of great interest. Never in all their lives had they seen such light, and what proved of greater interest was the electric flash light. They came in relays to the temple to see me press the button. Well, no white people come here. This is truly the end of the world. At a village called Chieng or Muang Lau we crossed the Chinese border. I had no trouble whatever. In the